

most of the burdens of pushing forward the work of the church.

Brethren, let us be admonished. More consecration, more self-denial, more earnest, zealous, faithful work and less murmuring disloyalty.

Fort Scott, Kans.

Home Circle

Some Quiet Place in Life

Sometimes away from the turmoil
Of our ceaseless toil, and strife,
We are laid at rest by the wayside,
In some quiet place in life ;

Outside of the drifting current
That rushes past us so ;
Away from wanting and winning,
Away from hurry and show.

Just to lie silent and listless,
Just to wait and to grow
More into patience and meekness,
More of true wisdom to know.

Then our endeavors we ponder,
Motive and effort we sift ;
Wonder that we should so wander,—
From peace and grace so drift.

Then life stands, and we view it
With truer, discriminate ken.
With better measure we mete out
Our estimation of men.

'Tis well in our restless pursuing,
In the painful, wearying strife,
That God bids us rest by the wayside,
In some quiet place in life.

—*Mary Spaulding Hatch, in Springfield Republican.*

Guard the Gate With Prayer

Spurgeon.

The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is foolish as tho he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as tho he dashed into battle without arms or armor. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begins to oppress us.

Three Little Girls

The Young Disciple.

"I think a white dress is the very prettiest kind of a dress a dolly can have ; don't you, Mamie?" Then Lucy added quickly, before giving Mamie a chance to answer : "Unless it is a brown dress. I think brown is a beautiful color. I hardly know which I do like best—a white dress or a brown dress."

There was a happy look on the face of little Jenny Jones, whose plain china doll wore a dress of dark brown print. She stroked it gently, hugged her dear dolly closer, and for a moment almost forgot how much she had envied the dainty white garments of the two handsome dolls of her companions.

But this was not all. Lucy's loving little heart was still beating fast, as she thought of the mistake she had so thoughtlessly made,

or so nearly made, and she hastened to make further amends : "Why, your dolly is just about the size of mine ; and its dress unbuttoned, I see, and mine does, too. Suppose we exchange dresses a little while ; my doll has worn this one so long I am almost tired of it."

"Really? Do you truly want to change dresses?" The brown eyes opened wide, and the cheeks flushed in joyous anticipation. Her beloved Bessie wearing that embroidered dress with its sash of real silk ribbon ! It seemed too good to be true.

"Of course I do," said Lucy, simply, beginning to unfasten the tiny buttons.

When the exchange had been made, Mamie entered into the spirit of the occasion, and said, sweetly : "Why, Lucy, that brown is real becoming to your dolly's complexion! I should make her wear brown a good deal, if I were you."

The two friends spent a happy noon ; and when Mamie told the story of it to her mother that night she said : "I think Lucy is the most ladylike little girl I know ; don't you?"

Playing Like a Christian

Religious Telescope.

I know two little children— boy and a girl—who used to play a great deal together. They both became converted. One day the boy came to his mother and said, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian." "What makes you think so, my child?" "Because, mother, she plays like a Christian." "Plays like a Christian?" said the mother ; the expression sounded a little odd. "Yes," replied the child ; "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before she was selfish ; and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, 'I won't play with you ; you are an ugly little boy' "

Sisters' Society C. E.

From the President

To the Workers of the S. S. C. E.—While the work done at Pleasant Hill didn't meet my expectation, the appointments, coming as they did, at a time when sickness and other causes kept some of the main workers from the meetings, the organization of an S. S. C. E., at Brother White's other charge, Bloomers, was more than I had expected. Sisters Grubb, Cassel and others whose names I can't spell are eager to work under our constitution, and willing to hold the organization chiefly for the benefit of the general work, as there are but few sisters in the vicinity of the church. There are, however, a number of isolated members living in neighboring towns, who cannot attend services regularly, and who by joining the society may help the sisterhood to bear the financial part of the work. The organization here will be further strengthened by those members at Pleasant Hill who expressed themselves heartily in sympathy with the purpose of the S. S. C. E., and who may thus give their names to help swell the semi-annual fund.

Sunday, August 6, I was at Gretna, which was Brother White's regular time for preaching. Gretna has had a model society, giving prominence to the spiritual and educational feature, and yet keeping up the work-meetings as well. But for the past year they had been softly slumbering amid the downy cushions of home comfort. They were easily awakened but the temptation to turn over and slumber on was so strong that I felt the influence of drowsiness myself, in the effort to help them on their feet again. Thank God, for those who are always ready to sacrifice and stand for what they know is best for the church at large. Twenty one became willing to reorganize, which is one of the many almost equally pleasant recollections I have of my visit with the Gretna people. Their collection on Sunday night amounted to \$3.63. The offering of \$1.82 from the few members at Bloomers was also good compared to the previous offerings of larger churches. My next stopping place was at Williamstown, the 8th and 9th. It was soul-cheering to meet with this prosperous, healthy society. Mrs. Alice Rodabaugh is president, the secretary is Mrs. Baughman in whom brother A. J. Baughman finds indeed a helper in his work. Their work-meetings are such a success. Peace and good-will reign. Gossiping is not permitted under penalty of a fine of fifty cents. They seem also to have learned that invaluable lesson of working just the same, whether things go their own way or not. Their collection last night amounted to \$2.07.

I am now on my way to West Independence and on account of poor railroad connections, I am enjoying a "weight" of six hours here at Findlay. Tho it is at the depot, I rather welcome the waiting as it gives me an opportunity to write and it is the last opportunity I'll have to get my letter written in time for this issue.

What a blessed lesson when once I shall have learned to make the tedious moments of waiting for trains the most precious and valuable part of my travelling hours. From the window of the depot I notice the large opera house where Dr. Dowie has been holding occasional meetings. The ticket agent tells me it is amazing to see the large number of sick people and even cripples who come in from every direction to attend these meetings. Many, he says, go away as they came, while others no doubt are healed. At present the "Boy Phenomenon" is here whose healing power is wonderful. Crowds gather around him also, at the same opera house but he claims power no higher than his own personal magnetism.

When we are not sure of the "gospelness" of these manifestations, and even tho we do find they accord with God's word, yet cannot come in contact with these healing hands, what a blessed thought to know that the greatest of all Physicians will come to us as he did to the impotent man at the pool, make our bodies whole if we are ready to believe.

While I am waiting again, this time at